

What Could Be More Wonderful Than This?

Music and Lyrics by Mark Newman

www.MarkNewmanMusic.com

Expressively (♩=66)

mp The grass-y soft-ness cush-ion-ing my back, The
 Sur-prise and fear that bring me to my feet, The
 Ten thou-sand an-gels now the stars sur-round, Their
 The hur-ried shep-herd voic-es in the street, The

5

star-light scat-tered on a sky of black, The fra-grant warmth of em-bers burn-ing
 heav'n-ly vi-si-tor I trem-bling greet, My heart a-flame, the an-gel's word I
 sing-ing o-ver-whelms the night with sound, Their bril-liance burns the black-ness e-very
 bur-ning in my heart, my fly-ing feet, The hal-lowed hush u-pon this low-ly

8

low, The mu-sic of the sheep with-in the fold:
 hear, The joy-ful ti-dings ring-ing in my ear:
 part, Their mu-sic melts the fear from in my heart:
 place, The ra-diance of my Sa-voir's ti-ny face:

11 More warmth on the chorus

mf What could be more won-der-ful than this? What could be more won-der-ful than this? The
 The
 Their
 The

15

mu - sic of the sheep with - in the fold: What could be more won - der - ful than
 joy - ful ti - dings ring - ing in my ear:
 mu - sic melts the fear from in my heart:
 ra - diance of my Sa - vior's ti - ny face:

18

A little slower ($\text{♩} = 58$)

this? *mp* The hal - lowed hush u - pon this low - ly place, The

22

ritard.

A tempo ($\text{♩} = 66$)

ra - diance of my Sa - vior's ti - ny face: Oh, what could be more won - der - ful than this?

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